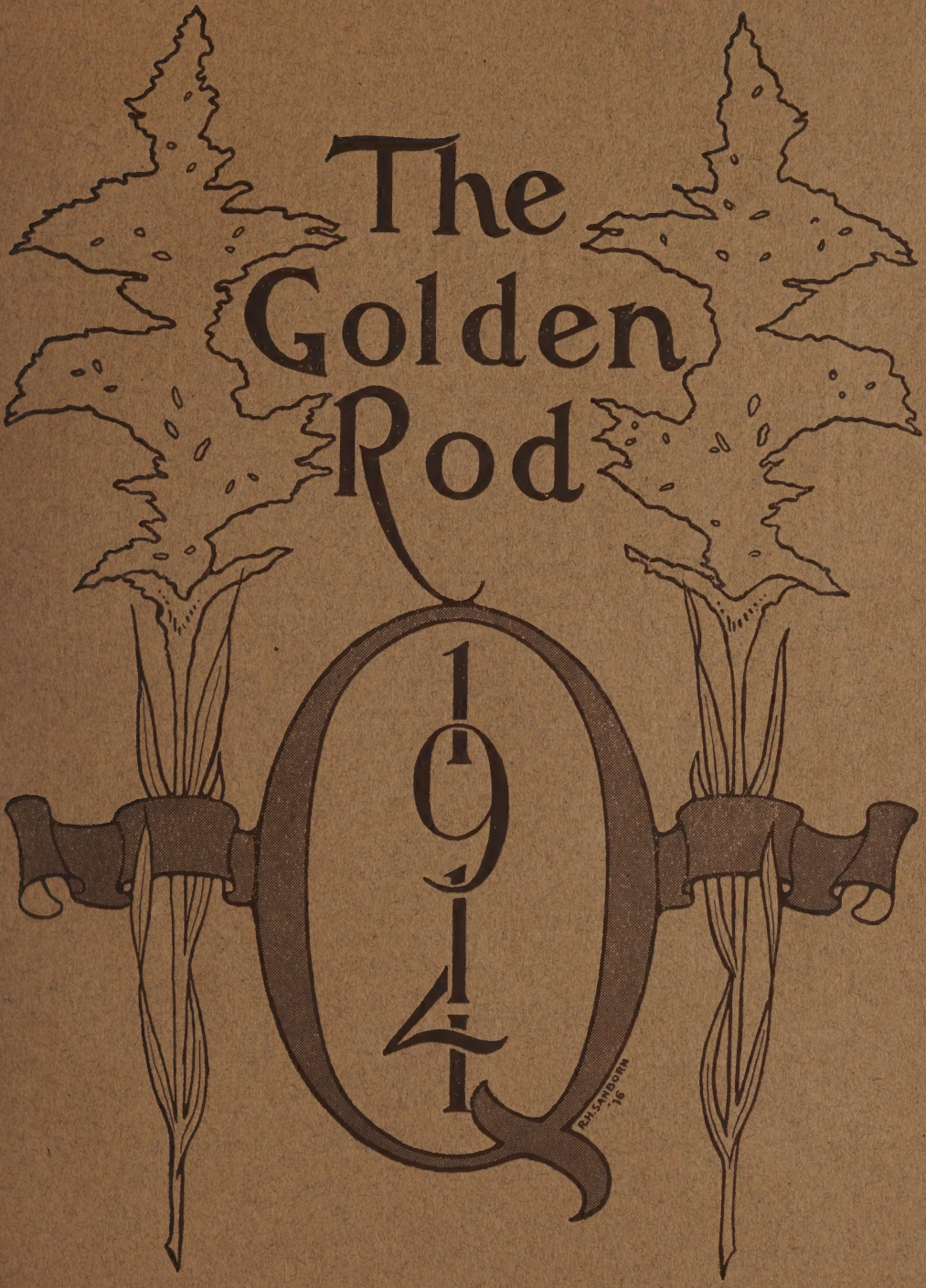
The Golden Rod



B. H. NERSES

Class Photographer

.... OF ....

Q. H. S.

1908 - 1914

¶ The Class of 1914 has approved the decision of its six predecessors, and Mr. Nerses thanks each individual member for this testimony of appreciation. You have pleased him! He will please you! ¶ Students and Teachers of the School will be accorded the usual special rates

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QUINCY HIGH BASKET BALL TEAM 1914

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The Golden-Rod

VOLUME XXIII. MARCH, 1914. NO. 2

THE GOLDEN-ROD

Published Three Times During the School Year
by the

STUDENTS OF Q. H. S.

ADDRESS THE GOLDEN-ROD
QUINCY, MASS.

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EDITORIALS

Even if the Golden Rod were published six times a year, it would be difficult to use the abundance of material received on Golden Rod Day. January 16 was the day assigned and on that day every English pupil was requested to present something suitable for the Golden Rod. We want every one to feel that the staff appreciates the good spirit and the splendid response given to this request. Of course it must be understood that all the material could not be used; only that which is best suited for this edition has been selected. It has been our aim, however, to have every class represented.

Through the kindness of the Manual Training Department and for the convenience of all contributors to the Golden Rod, a box for the reception of contributions and criticisms has been placed in the office. It is hoped that every one in school will take advantage of this opportunity and help to fill the box with such good material that the Golden Rod will become a more frequent visitor.

The editorial staff wishes to remind the student body that anonymous contributions can not be accepted for publication. At the request of a writer, however, his name will not be published.

Enough can not be said in praise of the Christmas entertainment given in the school hall on December 19. The program, consisting of compositions by Shubert and essays relating to his life and works, was instructive as well as pleasing. In the execution of the selections both the Glee Club and the Orchestra showed the results of their careful training. Such an entertainment formed a fitting conclusion to the work of the first term. It is hoped that another such program may soon be arranged.

At the suggestion of Mr. Collins and under the direction of a number of the faculty, two clubs—one for the boys, the other for the girls—have recently been formed in the school. Membership in each case is limited to thirty pupils ot the two upper classes, chosen for scholarship and ability, and the post graduates. The purpose of the boys' club is to foster debating, while that of the girls' is interest in dramatics, literary work, and out of door recreations.

The Golden Rod proposes a toast to the two clubs and trusts that they "may live long and prosper."

REFLECTIONS ON BEING A "P. G."

The Post Graduates this year remind me of the jingle about the little Injuns. Eight little, seven little, six little P. G's., five little, four little— There are four left indeed, but who knows when the next "little Injun" will go? We were wholly unprepared for the departure of our "littlest" member and we miss her.

As to being a P. G., it is not an eminently exciting state. We are nothing but Seniors over again without the conviviality of a crowd of classmates and the thrills of approaching graduation. As members of the Class of 1913, we are out of date. The teachers do not say, "See if you can do as well as last year's class" or "Try to reach such and such a place by the time last year's class did." On the contrary, it is, "Improve on the work of last year's class" and "Pass that point sooner than the class did last year." I suppose that this is PROGRESS. It seems a much easier and safer way of preparing for college—the remaining for another year after graduation. There is a chance to take breath and to gather up all the loose ends. Just the same, provided that a certain jolly senior is still desirous of being considered old, I would gladly change places with her, if it were possible!

By one of them.

Uncle Abner's Plan

"Come right in, dear," called Aunt Mandy, in answer to my rap on the screen door of her kitchen. "What is it you want?"

"Please, Aunt Mandy, may I borrow your sewing bag?"

"Yes, dear, you can have it with pleasure. Sit down until I finish seeding these cherries and I will get it for you. I think to borrow once in awhile is just neighborly. But no one ever comes to borrow from me but I think of the time your Uncle Abner and I undertook to break the Coxes of borrowing.

"It was your uncle's idea and I hated mightily to do it, for I don't like to hurt anyone's feelings. But then, those Coxes borrowed morning, noon and night."

"What did they borrow, Aunt?"

"Everything, sometimes it would be one of the children after something. 'Aunt Mandy,'—that's what they called me—'Ma's going to make vanilla cookies, and wants your vanilla'; or, 'Ma wants three eggs;' or perhaps it would be a cup of molasses for gingersnaps. So it went on, year in and year out. They borrowed from sugar to tacks and back again.

"When we had the Sunday School convention here, I had two of the city preachers to care for. Of course I had things as nice as I could, ice cream and fried chicken and other dainties. Just as one of the preachers was saying grace, the small Cox boy piped up at the door: 'Say, Aunt Mandy, Ma wants a piece of that chicken and some ice cream for little James; he's sick.' I was so embarrassed I didn't know where to look, but, of course, I gave it to him. My, but your Uncle Abner was mad!

"In a few days he came home with a little blackboard and hung it right up on the kitchen door. He wrote across the top, 'Coxes,' and on one side, 'Borrowed,' and on the other 'Returned.' 'Now,' says he, 'whenever they get anything, you put it down on this side, and when they bring it back, put it down on that side. And let them know that hereafter whatever they borrow they will have to bring back.'

"Well, the words weren't more than out of his mouth, when in comes the oldest Cox boy, 'Uncle Abner,' says he, 'can we get your tater fork? Ourn's broke.' Abner got it for him and then put down under the borrowed column, 'Potato Fork, Aug. 3.'

"It kept on that way for a month. Sugar, tea, spices, clothesline, skirt pattern, and spoons, they got them when they had company. The 'borrowed' column was full and over; on the 'return' side there were just a few things that we had to have and had gone after, like the potato fork and the clothesline.

"One morning, as I was kneading my bread at the table here, there was a rap at the door and Mrs. Cox came in and sat down to chat for a while. But she had a cup in her hand and I knew she had come after something. While we were talking, the wind blew that kitchen door shut, and there was that blackboard staring at us.

"Well, when she realized the meaning of it, she jumped up and fairly glared at me, but managed to stutter out, 'You, you on-neighborly things!' and with that she jerked the door open and was gone.

"A few days later when I got home from the Aid meeting, I found a whole box full of little packages on the bench. There was pepper, mustard, starch, tea, rice, a spoonful of soda, a scrub brush, dust pan, part of a spool of thread, and little things I had forgotten all about. When Abner came home we both had a good laugh over our plan.

"A couple of weeks went by and I had just made up my mind that they were done with us. Then one day, as I was sitting by the stove door doing my mending, there was a knock at the door and there was Alfred Cox.

"Say, Aunt Mandy, Ma, says if you don't mind, she'd like to borrow that blackboard o'yourn. Them Simms' are borrowing from us all the time, and Ma says she bets she'll break 'em.'

"I was so surprised that I told him to tell his mother that I would make her a present of it, and hoped it would serve her as well as it had served me, for I didn't need it any more."

"Did it break them of borrowing?"

"Why, my dear, they've never borrowed from us any more." And she added, with a smile, "But I've always wanted to know what Mrs. Cox came after that morning."

Mary McGilvray, 1914.

The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire

"Who's gonna 'empire'?" shouted Reddy McGluke.

"There's the rub,—Who's gonna 'empire'?"

The only likely candidate was Tony Macaroni the peanut, pop-corn, candy, and chewing-gum man whose name was a by-word amongst all the "kids."

"Why not get Tony ter 'empire'?" offered a bow-legged urchin whose features were just discernible behind a ten-cent catcher's mask.

The suggestion met with the approval of all; the only obstacle was to get Signor Macaroni to consent. The latter had never held the important position of umpire in a ball game before and this fact probably best explains his final acceptance.

As part of the inducement they promised, with much neck and heart-crossing, to give him all their trade in the future. They then very briefly explained to Tony the duties of a base-ball umpire. But when the game finally began, after the field had been cleared of tin cans, stones and other debris, Tony knew about as much about umpiring a game of base-ball as the proverbial man-in-the-moon.

The players wanted Anthony to stand behind the catcher and render his decisions like "de big league empires" but he couldn't see it from that angle and therefore finally took his position behind the pitcher, still clinging to his basket of edibles. Things went along fairly well until the third inning when a discussion arose as to the number of men out. The "Stars," who were at bat, claimed there were only two out but the "Giants," who were in the field, claimed there were three out.

"There's only two out, ain't there, Tony?" squawked little "Shrimp" Morse.

"Ya," was the umpire's quick response.

"What?" interrogated a half-dozen high-pitched voices.

"No, tree out," reversed Tony, thoroughly frightened.

Then ensued a battle royal which began by someone's dumping Tony's basket over in a very careless manner. Towering over the rest, Tony reached out, grabbed the culprit, and proceeded to give him a lesson in the manly art, the youngster being on the receiving end. The rest, regardless of former hostilities, joined in the rescue of their young comrade. They made a rush for Tony with the intention of taking his prisoner away from him, but he showed he could handle them with ease when he captured a half dozen of them and threw them in a heap. Then he stood by, waiting for the rest to come, but the attacking party retreated and made no move to do other than observe proceedings from a safe distance. The poor unfortunates who had been thrown in a heap disentangled themselves and, accompanied by the disturber who had dumped the basket over, beat a hasty retreat.

Tony gathered up his goods, returned them to his basket, and stood enjoying the fact that he was a conqueror of no mean ability. Little he knew, however, of what was coming his way, until it came. It arrived in the shape of rocks of various sizes and compositions, ancient fruit, and clods of dirt. If they could not do it one way they would do it another and they did.

Without even grabbing his basket Tony ran for his life, leaving the victors to their spoils which they proceeded to devour in a way that would have made the eminent Fletcher shake in his boots.

After covering a couple of hundred yards in Arthur Duffy style, Tony stopped, looked back, and, half to himself and half to a young newsboy, muttered, "Efe dey ave play da bass ball in Italy, I learn ta trow da ball an could trow da brick but whatsa da use I ave trow da brick an' hit da winda instead off da boy and haf to pay for ete. Me tink I leave dat empire job for some Mexican fella."

Leo Powers, 1914.

The Traveling Agent

With a sigh, Mrs. Handlin closed the front door and went out to the side piazza.

"Really, Charles" she said to her husband, I don't see what I shall do. I buy something from every agent that comes here, and I don't need half the things that I buy either." She held up a bristly little clothes brush. "I've got five of these brushes already and I vowed I'd never buy another, but——" She paused and sighed over her ability to cope with a suave traveling salesman.

Just then her daughter, Helena, came flying out to the porch, "Mercy me, Mother, she exclaimed, "have you bought another one of those brushes? I see very plainly that I'm the only strong minded member of the family. The next time an agent comes, you let me go to the door."

Helena put her wits to work and at length formulated a plan which she felt sure would be successful in routing the persistent canvassers. About a week later, she had just donned her cap and apron preparatory to dusting her room when she heard a knock at the door.

"That surely must be an agent," she thought, "for they never use the knocker." With a smile, Helena responded, "La madame n'est pas ici. Elle est allee chez une de ses amies." Her knowledge of French was limited and so, not daring to say more, she waited to see the effect that it made on the young man. He uttered a bewildered exclamation regarding her in dismay.

"Say, what are you handing me?" he demanded. "Don't you speak English?"

Helena smiled more sweetly than before. Evi-

dently the stranger had no knowledge of the Parisian tongue.

"Je parle l'anglais," she answered wickedly. "Mais, maintenant, je ne desire pas le parler."

With an embarrassed and sheepish look upon his face, and a muttered apology the man backed away while Helena, enjoying the situation, talked French to him at random. Then with a little laugh of triumph, she closed the door and danced away to her dusting. She was eager to tell her adventure to someone but had no opportunity to do so until the family was assembled at the lunch table. Then she related the story with great glee. When she had finished, she glanced up and saw her father looking at her quizzically.

"I'm sorry to discourage you after your grand triumph, dear," he said, "but that same man came to my office and spoke so long over the values and uses of the Estamoor Patent books, that I finally bought a set to get rid of him."

"Dear me," added Mrs. Handlin, "He came to Mrs. Adgar's when I was there, and his prices seemed so reasonable that I couldn't resist getting a set, too."

Pauline Brogan, 1915.

The Guilty Shoes

As the dinner bell rang, I threw down my potato hook and looked around for Bill. To my surprise, I saw him leaning on his hoe, looking over the fence with a far-away expression on his face. I speedily dispelled this mood by hitting him on the side of the head with a potato, the size of a marble. He turned and started after me. I had almost reached the protection of the house, when he of the long legs grabbed me by the collar, and, after a short scrimmage, pinned my shoulders to the ground. After giving me a lecture on my freshness, he let me up and went into the house to wash his hands.

As I picked myself up and brushed off some of the dirt, I began to wonder why Bill was so absorbed in looking over into the watermelon patch. Maybe he was hatching a plan to take one of those watermelons that were noted all over the county for their size and quality. I was disturbed in my thoughts, by a sharp command to hurry up if I wanted anything to eat, so I dismissed the matter from my mind and hastened into the house to wash.

After dinner, during which I was complimented for my remarkable capacity, we, that is, Bill and I, were summoned into the library by my uncle. We were two very surprised boys that sat down to wait while my uncle completed the letter he was writing. Finally, after what seemed a long wait, although in reality it was but a few minutes, my uncle swung around in his chair, and took off his glasses. Thus, prepared for action he commenced,"I want ter speak ter you fellers about them there watermelons. Now of couse, I know you fellers wouldn't tech 'em, but I jist want ter tell yer that if any of them prize melons is missin', there'll be suthin' doin.' '' He ended by saying, as he swung around to his desk, "A word to the wise is sufficient."

As we filed out the door, I thought that if Bill had any plan in mind this would surely put the kibosh on it. With this I dismissed the subject from my mind, and presumed that Bill would do the same, but I was doomed to disappointment.

Three mornings later, I was awakened by a loud knock at the door, and the brief command, "You guys come down here and bring yer shoes with yer.'' As I picked up my shoes, I noticed that there was fresh dirt on them, but not even then did a suspicion of the truth flit across my mind.

I went down the stairs first, Bill following closely after. I innocently handed my shoes to my uncle. He looked them over without comment, then he examined Bill's. Finally he

turned to me and said, "I would like to see you in the barn for a few minutes." I knew by the way my uncle spoke, that he was not fooling, so I silently followed.

I will leave it to the reader to guess what transpired during that fifteen minutes. Needless to say, that before I left the barn, I swore vengeance on that conspirator who had brought me to such dire straits. Nor did I have to think very long to determine who that conspirator was.

* * *

That night I drank three cups of black coffee for a certain reason. At nine, Bill and I piled up to bed and undressed without speaking. It was about ten-thirty when I crawled quietly out of bed. Quickly donning my clothes, I took a pair of shoes, and went down stairs much in the manner of a sneak thief. When I got into the cool night air, I put on the shoes and started toward the melon patch. I vaulted the fence, and, after some deliberation, picked out a large watermelon from under the dewy leaves. I climbed the fence and proceeded to the orchard, where I enjoyed the feast of my life. After filling myself to the brim with juicy melon, I sneaked back to the house and up the stairs, without disturbing any one.

I undressed on the side of the bed opposite Bill and climbed into bed, none the worse for the adventure, with the exception of a stomach-ache to which I had become accustomed since I came to the farm.

The next morning, we were awakened in the same manner as on the preceding one, "You fellers come down here and bring yer shoes." I saw an astonishd look on Bill's face, as he picked his up. After looking over our shoes, my uncle said, "William, I would like to see you in the barn for a few minutes, and you, Red, can get busy with the hoe."

A few minutes later, when Bill came out to work, I walked over to where he stood, and we silently shook hands.

Carleton Weaver, 1915.

The Legend of Princess Amida

"It was many years before you or even your great-grandfather was born that this took place, but I shall tell it to you as it was told to me, that you may in turn tell to your children the legend of Princess Amida.

"When Ashikaga Yoshimasa became Shogun of Japan, he brought his lovely daughter, the Princess Amida, to the splendid palace on the hills just outside Kyoto. But Amida's delight lay not in visiting the gorgeous "Golden Pavilion," the memorial raised to her grandfather, but in Kunagai, her warrior-lover.

"On this day Amida sat in the garden waiting for Kunagai. She watched the fishermen down the river whose cormorants dove again and again, each time returning to the surface of the water with a fish, which was promptly taken away, in its mouth.

"Soon, however, Kunagai came, but his step was slow and she knew something lay heavy on his heart. 'My jewel,' he said after a moment's silence, 'I must go. The northern tribes are pressing down; the Manchurians are coming to their aid. I have work to do.'

"Princess Amida shrank back, frightened, but he held her close and told her the things that every girl, princess or pauper, loves to hear and said that he would not, could not, fail to come back to her. Then she smiled, for even in her grief she knew that with a love like hers, he could not fail.

"Then resolutely he left her and the beautiful garden where they had passed such sunny hours and went to meet the fierce tribes of the North. For days he rode at the head of his men. At last came tales of villages burned or rice fields devastated and even signs of the enemy.

"On the fifth day they reached the invaders and on the sixth, joined battle. And such a battle! Weapons fell like hailstones and with

great effect, but so huge were the armies of both Kunagai and the enemy that at sundown they seemed as complete as in early morning.

"The next day the battle continued and the slaughter increased. The groans of the dying and the screams of the wounded, trampled under foot, filled the air. Everywhere was death and disorder. But Kunagai fought for Amida and was kept safe by his great love for her.

"On the third day of battle, the sun gave no light, and the heavens rumbled ominously. Kunagai fastened the throat straps of his helmet in the knot that is cut when the warrior's head is severed by the victor's sword or by a dagger when he returns victorious, and gathering his slender army, led them out on the plain. But the armies were not to give battle that day, for soon a blare of trumpets announced heralds, and messengers came from the Manchurian leader with a challenge for single combat with Kunagai.

* * * *

"Meanwhile Amida had been very lonely. She grew to hate the cormorants greedily diving for food and getting none of it. The bronze phoenix on the roof of the Golden Pavilion seemed to leer at her and mock her sorrow. Then, in a dream, she saw Kunagai lying dead on a desolate plain and then, with a scream, she woke.

"Quickly calling her old nurse, she prepared to go to Kunagai though where he was, she knew not. For days she travelled and at last came to the spot where the battle had taken place. Just as she reached there, the single combat was at its height.

"Horrified, she saw Kunagai's horse fall, killed by a spear from the group of Manchurians. Silently she watched the gigantic leader leap from his horse to continue the fight with Kunagai. But soon superior weight and endurance began to outweigh the skill of Kunagai and his aim became unsteady as his sword parried the thrusts of his opponent. The latter, rising to his full height brought his heavy sword down on Kunagai's head and he fell, stunned. Then, according to the custom of the time, he stooped down and cut the head from the body of the brave warrior.

* * * *

"After a long time Amida prayed to Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy, for death. But Kwannon was unwilling to take the life of such a beautiful creature, so while Amida knelt in her gray robe, she became a gray wisteria vine and her long blue-black hair made the long clusters of blue flowers.

"And that is the story of Amida."

Beatrice Costello, 1913.

What a Laugh Did

It was the day of the cross country run between Orange and Erving. Overhead, clouds hung low, fluttering red flags that marked the course alone lent color to the gray October day.

The race was almost over. The leaders were already advancing towards the last obstacle, which was a brook with a fence before it. Towards this came the two boys who were ahead. These two boys were the rival captains, who had surged ahead and were now running side by side. Close behind came three more figures clad in white.

The two captains bore down on the jump, their faces flushed, but their legs moving gracefully as they came yard by yard nearer. Neither of the two slowed down at the water jump. Each sprang at the same moment and swept cleanly over the water, side by side, amid wild applause among the spectators.

Behind came the three other runners. One Erving runner lessened his pace at the jump, took off too soon and landed knee deep in the mud, but was out in a moment. A cheer was

given him by the spectators for the brave spurt he made after the others.

The two other runners, who were right behind him, represented Orange and Erving as could be seen by the large letters on their breasts. The Orange runner felt tired and wished to drop out. As he approached the water jump he put all his strength into the leap, but unfortunately he tripped and fell.

"Thank goodness," he thought, when he stopped rolling, "now I can lie here decently until the thing's over."

The sensation of joyous relief was rudely dispelled. Over the jump leaped the Erving boy who, as he caught sight of the Orange runner, grinned broadly. In a moment the Orange boy was on his feet and had taken up the chase again, rage burning in his heart.

"Hang him, he laughed at me!" he panted. "I'll beat him out if I have to die for it."

The Erving runner was several yards ahead already but he threw back his head, and ran desperately. A roar of voices down at the finish told him the captains had crossed the line. He put every ounce of strength into the struggle, thinking nothing of who had won, only determined to beat the fellow who had laughed at him. The knowledge that he was gaining brought joy to his heart.

Down at the finish line the air was filled with the cheers of both sides. The Orange captain had come in first, with the rival captain a pace behind, and now struggling for third place were the two runners.

Directly behind the fellow who had laughed at him ran the Orange runner, so close that he seemed to be treading on the former's heels. Slowly, doggedly, he drew from his place behind and fought his way inch by inch alongside.

The cheering spectators saw the Erving runner glance swiftly at the boy beside him and then throw back his head, with an effort to spurt. The boy refused to be thrown off, and down the course they came together, their tired limbs keeping time to the cheers of the throng. The Orange boy made a last despairing effort. Then the crowd grew thick about him. The Orange supporters were carrying him on their shoulders. Panting and weak he wondered what it all meant. It only meant the Orange High School had won by a yard.

Russell Johnson, 1917.

THE WIRELESS

(After "The Electric Telegraph")

Hark! the dancing needles click,
Tick their message clear and quick;
Borne o'er forests through the air,
Over deserts, hot and bare;
Flying with electric wings,
Tidings faithfully it brings,
Brought at times through flood or fire,
All without the aid of wire.

Praise who will the telegraph tireless,
Now,—the wonder-working wireless!

May the sky be black or clear,
Night or day, it's ticking here;
Always with a tale to state,
Flashed to us o'er distance great.
'Tis the wireless frees the land
Gripped in grim Disaster's hand:
Faithful servant to mankind!
Master product of the mind!

Praise who will the telegraph tireless,
Now,—the wonder-working wireless!

Leon Biganess, 1916.

When the Spooks Begin to Play

Helen was sitting in her familiar little corner, on the same familiar couch, waiting patiently for Jack who had promised to call at eight. It was two minutes of eight when, suddenly, she heard a buzz, a click, and a little tingle of the bell. Was she afraid? No! Girls never are!

Thinking it was surely Jack, Helen ran into the hall and called down the tube. No response! She listened and heard a noise of prowling, of crackling, of wires wriggling. She sent her big brother, Jim, down the stairs to investigate, while she herself went out on the front piazza to watch for the culprit. Presently big Jim returned, then sister, neither a bit wiser than before. Still the bell tingled, scraped, and wheezed.

Suddenly the noise stopped. All was quiet for a moment. Then once more the bell began its throbbing, reverberating through the house. The door shook, rattled, and opened. Jack had come. But still the noise continued with its weird, unsteady, distant clapping and thumping.

Jim disappeared down cellar, so did Helen—within Jack's arms. Five minutes later Jim reappeared holding by the neck his small, five year-old brother, Dick.

"Say, Jim," asked Helen, "why the stranglehold on poor little Dick?"

"Why?" answered Jim. "Why? Because I caught him down cellar meddling with wires that lead to our bell."

"Yes" whined Dick, "but I knew sister hadn't had a good time with Jack for a long while, and to frighten the two of them would be the only way to get them clinging."

"Gentlemen of the jury," solemnly appealed Jim, who was standing in front of the couple, "is the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

The jury silently withdrew to the den to consider the evidence. An hour later, when they emerged, hand in hand, prepared to tell their verdict, they solemnly pronounced to an empty room the words: "Not Guilty."

Cyril Brigham 1915.

MY LIMITATIONS

I cannot draw a picture,
  I cannot make a rhyme,
I cannot write a story,
  'Though I try to all the time.

I'm not a good reporter,
  I cannot crack a joke,
I've never sold an inch of space
  To advertising folk.

I have centered all my efforts
  On every pursuit;
The results all turn out failures
  And what is there to boot?

I'd like to make the "Goldenrod"
  A wonderful success,
But since I have no talent,
  That must fail too, I guess.

Still, I can buy the "Goldenrod"
  Laugh at the cartoons there,
Admire the editorials
  And the stories fine and rare.

The jokes I can appreciate,
  The old ones and the new,
Enjoyment find in every page,
  And that's what I shall do.

Marjorie Snow, 1914.

After a Snowstorm

"Come on, you fellows," shouted Bob. "Hustle up there. Don't be so slow."

"Oh, hold your horses. I'll be with you in a minute," replied Jack, who was doubled up, busily lacing on his snow-shoes.

In a few minutes the two speakers and as many more fellows, clad lightly but warmly, for the day was fairly cold and their trip fairly long, with guns over their shoulders, were walking along on the crust of the already hard snow toward a mountain covered with virgin trees. It was apparent they were in search of game of some size.

As they approached the mountain, Bob, in his haste to lead the party and get the first shot, attempted to hurdle a fallen sapling in preference to going around it. In doing so, however, his long snow-shoe caught on a limb and he fell headlong, breaking through the crust and into the soft snow beneath. The others passed by, refusing to aid him. He struggled frantically because in the snow he could not get his breath. It was fully fifteen minutes before he stood on his feet.

In the meantime the party was far ahead. Being "sore" and mad, he jumped up, but down again because he heard a series of shots. The shooters had evidently missed their mark, for a crashing and crunching of branches was soon heard. Bob got his rifle ready, hid behind the sapling over which he had fallen and waited silently. On came the deer, "under full sail." Bob's rifle cracked. The deer fell. Twitching and warm it lay at his feet, the blood flowing from an ugly, ragged wound in its neck; the snow was crimson for a small area in which the deer had struggled. Now that he had brought down the deer, what mattered it that his comrades had deserted him?

Richard DeNormandie, 1914.

WHY?

Why should you lack in your spirit,
And fail in your work, day by day?
Why let some other one do it,
While you remain at your play?

Why are you all the time dreaming?
Who e'er got ahead in that way?
Why not be up and be doing,
E'en though your hair should turn gray?

Why do you let all others surpass you,
And in your defeat take delight?
What of your fast coming future,
Aren't you willing to put up a fight?

Why ponder thoughts of your hardships,
For how much good will they do?
Cast away then, all of your burdens,
And show to us what you can do.

Arthur Macfarland, 1914.

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE

A sudden ring,—an opening door,—
Then George, a friend of mine,
Comes slowly down the corridor,
Along to twenty-nine!—

But as he comes into the room,
A smile upon his face,
He little thinks how soon that smile,
Will change to a grimace!

For all goes well, until at length,
The time comes to recite,
And then the smile leaves George's face,—
"Your problem is not right."

So up again and to the board,
He goes more chalk to waste,
The bell, it rings!—the smile returns,
George exits with all haste!

"X" '15

THE Q. H. S. ALPHABET

A stands for ambition which you need in this place;
B stands for best runners,—you ought to see them race.
C stands for Collins, the master of the school,
D stands for drills, fire drills are the rule.
E stands for English, the room where we read;
F stands for football in which we know we lead.
G stands for Golden Rod, the paper of our school,
H stands for Home Room, where we often break a rule.
I stands for ink, which spatters our clothes,
J stands for jumping, "Jump on your toes."
K stands for kicking, ask the freshies how to kick.
L stands for lunch counter at which you take your pick.
M stands for milk, for which all children cry,
N stands for nickels, with which our lunch we buy.
O stands for orchestra you should hear the band,
P stands for pupils we're the best in the land.
Q stands for Quincy High the best school in the state;
R stands for reports which many of us hate,
S stands for sewing which takes a lot of pains.
T stands for tests which weary all our brains.
U stands for unity,—that is an English rule,
V stands for vanity which we have for our school.
W stands for wisdom there are some who haven't any,
X stands for excuses of which we hand out many.
Y stands for Young the captain of our team
Z stands for our zeal which makes our teachers beam.

Mildred Wilmore, 1917.

ATHLETICS

The outlook for a successful basketball season was good and a large squad reported to Capt. Jenkins and Coaches French, Mansur, and Thomson on Dec. 8. Those eligible from last year's squad were the following: Capt. Jenkins, White, Martin, Bates, Hamlin, and Browne. A fine schedule was arranged by Manager Atwood which was played as follows:

Jan. 1, Alumni at Quincy.
Jan. 6, Wellesley at Quincy.
Jan. 9, Reading at Reading.
Jan. 13. Winthrop at Winthrop.
Jan. 16, Revere at Revere.
Jan. 20, Salem at Quincy.
Jan. 23. Holliston at Holliston.
Jan. 27, Rockland at Quincy.
Jan. 30, Wellesley at Wellesley.
Feb. 3, Franklin at Quincy.
Feb. 6, Brockton at Quincy.
Feb. 10, Revere at Quincy.
Feb. 17, Reading at Quincy.
Feb. 20, Haverhill at Haverhill.
Feb. 23, Fall River Tech at Quincy.
Mar. 3, Melrose at Quincy.
Mar. 6, Brockton at Brockton.
Mar. 10, Winthrop at Quincy.

Jan. 1. Quincy opened its season by defeating the Alumni 30-16. It seemed quite natural to see Ed. Brown, the two Prouts, "Mecca" Larkin, and Dick Crane again on the floor. The Alumni showed a woeful lack of practise and training. The individual stars of the game were White and Jenkins.

Jan. 6. In the first game of the Interscholastic League our boys bowed before the strong Wellesley High five to the score of 21 to 14. It was a hard fought game throughout, although at times Quincy showed a lack of punch and fight. Keefe and Putnam played well for Wellesley.

Jan. 9. Quincy played its first out of town game at Reading and after a hard fight brought home a victory of 33 to 28. Quincy played well during the first half and completely outclassed their opponents, the score at the end of this period being 16 to 7. In the second half, however, the boys began to lie back and just woke up in time to gain the victory which was in doubt up to the blowing of the final whistle. The whole Quincy team played well and together, while P. Howard excelled for Reading.

Jan. 13. Quincy journeyed to Winthrop and suffered defeat with a score of 24 to 11. Although Quincy led at the end of the first half 7 to 4, Winthrop, using their superior weight and strength to good advantage, managed to forge ahead and win by a substantial margin. The Quincy second team also lost.

Jan. 16. The fourth successive game of the league was played at Revere, Quincy winning 16-11. At times, during Quincy's flashes of team play, Revere wasn't able to see the ball. Our boys were hindered from making long shots on account of the low ceiling. Hamlin played exceptionally well for Quincy. The Quincy second team won easily.

Jan. 20. Quincy showed how poorly they could play and allowed the game to slip away to Salem by the close score of 12-11. During the first part of the game Quincy led and then began to take things easy and did not wake up to the fact that they were being beaten until it was too late.

Jan. 23. Resolved to spoil the record of the Holliston five, Quincy journeyed to that town and administered the first defeat sustained by Holliston on their home floor for five years. Quincy played fast from the very start and did not let up a moment until the final whistle blew. Some of the most spectacular shooting ever witnessed in Holliston was contributed by Bates. The much lauded Pond was held by Hamlin to two baskets.

Jan. 27. Rockland proved no match for Quincy and was beaten 40-15. Owing to the poor shooting of Quincy in the first half the score mounted no higher. At no time did Rockland threaten to overcome the lead and during the latter part of the game Quincy had things entirely in their own hands.

Jan. 30. The best and most important game of the season was played at Wellesley, Wellesley winning 20-17. This game was a hard one for Quincy to lose and meant, if won, an almost clear claim to the state championship. Although Quincy got the jump on the Wellesley boys and held the lead up to the last five minutes of play, the home team, by a wonderful burst of speed, were able to nose out a victory. The passing of both teams was superb and but for a slight error in judgment at a most inopportune time, Quincy would undoubtedly have won.

Feb. 3. The strong Franklin team went down to defeat 27-13. Quincy was at its best and although there was a slight change in the lineup, played together well. The first half was close and exciting but Quincy walked away with the game in the last period.

Feb. 6. In a rough and somewhat slow game Quincy won from Brockton 18-10. Brockton's work was conspicuous on account of its lack of ability to shoot baskets, only one being scored throughout the entire contest.

Feb. 10. In a game featured by spectacular shooting, Revere was downed 26-14. Quincy was at all times master of the situation and by their clever passing had Revere continually baffled.

Feb. 17. Reading was defeated in an uninteresting game by the overhelming score of 30-8. Reading was at no time dangerous, while Quincy showed to a marked degree their superiority in passing.

Feb. 20. Quincy travelled to Haverhill and secured a victory of 33-20. The game was started with Capt. Jenkins out of the lineup but before the game was half completed it was necessary to put him in and he proved to be the man to bring confidence and strength to the team. Quincy showed a remarkable case of "come back" and turned sure defeat into overwhelming victory.

Feb. 23. In the holiday game before a large audience, Salem met defeat 22-9. Throughout the first half, the game was close and exciting but in the second period Quincy forged ahead of the visitors and finished with a comfortable margin. Hamlin played well for Quincy, while Freedburg excelled for Salem.

Feb. 27. Before a small but enthusiastic audience one of the best home games of the season was played, Fall River Technical School succumbing 24-22. It was an exceedingly hard fought game and the most exciting witnessed in the local gym for some time. Fall River was handicapped on account of its unfamiliarity with the amateur rules and consequently the fouls were numerous. Quincy owes the victory to Bates who scored seven baskets from the floor, most of which bordered on the spectacular, and ten from free tries. The winning basket was caged about one-half a minute before the final whistle blew and although Fall River tried hard to even matters up, the time was too short and the game ended with Quincy the victor.

Mar. 3. Quincy easily defeated Melrose 37-13. The visitors showed a great lack of practice and training, although their passing was at times conspicuous.

Mar. 6. With a string of eight straight victories to their credit Quincy met defeat at Brockton 17-22. The outside rules were enforced and it was due mainly to this that Quincy lost. Fouls were numerous, especially on the Quincy team, and Brockton scored its winning points on goals from free tries.

Mar. 10. Last, but by no means least, comes the Winthrop game. Some three hundred fans were treated to the best exhibition of basket ball ever seen on the local floor, Quincy emerging the victor 26-23. Winthrop had defeated Quincy once and were determined to do it again, while Quincy was equally determined that they should not. The game started with a rush, Winthrop scoring two baskets before Quincy had fairly begun. The score zigzagged between the two teams until, with only five minutes to play, it rested at 19-19. Then both teams put every ounce of strength that they possessed into the game and Quincy by a supreme effort managed to be three points ahead when the final whistle blew. Bartlett starred for Winthrop, time and time again he would carry the ball through the entire Quincy team. The lineup was:

QUINCY	WINTHROP
Bates, r. t.	l. g. Tony
Jenkins, l. e.	r. g. Edwards
White, c.	c. King
Hamlin, r. g.	l. f. Flint
Crocker, l. g.	r. f. Bartlett
Martin, l. g.	

Goals from floor: Jenkins 5, Bates 3, Hamlin 2, Flint, Bartlett 7, Edwards, *Tony 2. Goals from fouls: Bates 4, Tony 3. Referee, Coady. Scorer, Mansur. Timer, Roache. Time, one 15 and two 10 minute periods. *One basket counted for Quincy.

Those to receive Q's for basketball were: first team: Capt. Jenkins, White, Martin, Page, Bates, Crocker and Hamlin; second team: Mullen, Cummings, Matheson, Browne, Crosscup, Roache and Welsford.

Earle Bates was elected captain of the 1914-15 basket ball team and Fred Roache was appointed manager.

Much credit is due Manager Atwood for the skillful way in which he has managed the basket ball team.

The Golden Rod in behalf of the school extends its heartiest thanks to Messrs. French, Mansur, and Thomson for their untiring efforts in coaching the basket ball team.

Some lay the defeat at the hands of Salem to the fact that a picture of the Quincy team appeared in a Boston paper a few days prior to the game.

On account of his excellent work on the second team Crocker was given, at about the middle of the season, a regular position on the first team.

Wellesley should thank Quincy for putting such teams as Holliston and Fall River out of the running for the state championship.

Bates scored all 24 points in the game with Fall River.

In a game made necessary by a tie, the Juniors won from the Seniors and thereby gained the school championship.

Percy Jenkins has been appointed to the athletic committee from the Freshman class.

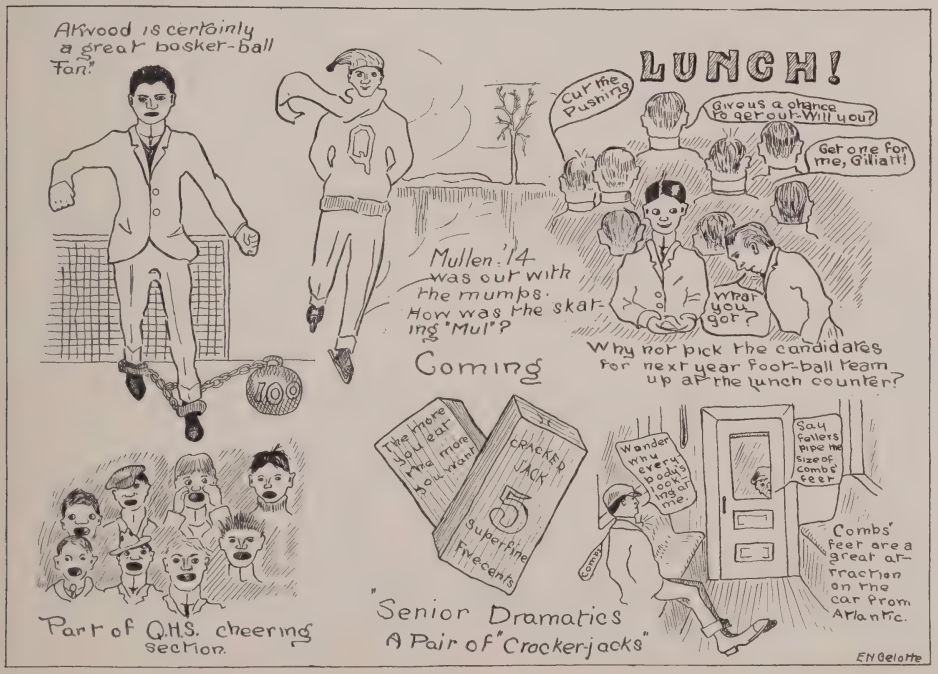
A tennis team was recently organized with Fred Atwood as captain and Willard Crocker, manager. A hard schedule is fast being completed with such teams as Lexington, Melrose, Brookline and Chelsea.

Early in the season a hockey team was organized with William O'Donnell as captain and Clifton Young as manager. Practice was held daily, weather permitting, under the supervision of Mr. Paulson. During the course of the season three games were played, one with Milton and one with Charlestown. The team defeated Charlestown but in regard to the others the less said the better. Next year hockey will probably be organized on a firmer base and a regular schedule arranged.

To the call of Capt. Paul Larkin a large squad reported for baseball. The prospects for a good team are most promising, those men eligible from last year being: Capt. Larkin, Martin, Hamlin, Donnelly, Creedon and Bates. Manager Berman has arranged a fine schedule which is as follows:

April 14. Rindge at Quincy.
April 17. Open.
April 23. Newton at Newton.
April 28. Winthrop at Quincy.
May 1. Revere at Quincy.
May 6. Boston Latin at Quincy.
May 9. Milton at Quincy.
May 12. Hingham at Quincy.
May 15. Revere at Revere.
May 19. Weymouth at Weymouth.
May 22. Brockton at Quincy.
May 26. Cambridge Latin at Quincy.
May 29. Braintree at Braintree.
June 1. Weymouth at Quincy.
June 3. South Boston at Quincy.
June 9. Brockton at Brockton.
June 12. Milton at Milton.
June 16. Braintree at Quincy.

E. Horton Page,
Athletic Editor.


Atwood is certainly a great basket-ball fan!
LUNCH!
Cut the Pushing
Give us a chance to get out-Will you?
Get one for me, Gilia!!
What you got?
Mullen '14 was out with the mumps. How was the skating "Mul"?
Coming
Why not pick the candidates for next year foot-ball team up at the lunch counter?
The more you eat the more you want
CRACKED JACK
5
Superfine
Five cents
Wonder why everybody looks at me
Say fellers pipe me size of Combs feet
Combs' feet are a great attraction on the car from Atlantic.
Part of Q.H.S. cheering section.
"Senior Dramatics
A Pair of "Crackerjacks"
EN Gelotte

Edna Chapman (in a low voice while Safford was making a mess of a recitation)—"Sit down, sit down, you're rocking the boat."

Mr. Paulson—What will combine with three atoms of hydrogen?
Weaver, '15 (stuttering)—Pneumonia.

Miss Holt is getting awfully strong. She pulled the knob from the door of Room 22 the other day. Look out, you big huskies.

In English.
Townsend, '14 (talking about Macaulay)—When he was a child he used to sit in the kitchen and read from a huge book to the cook.
Jenkins, '14 (silently)—He was getting next to the cook.

24 (illustrating contrary to fact condition)—If I were a bird, but—as you see, I'm not.

Mr. Paulson—What do we study Physics for?
Smith, '14—Five points.

Powers, '14 (in English)—He had very peculiar ideas. He was nervous.

23 (in class reading "Samuel Johnson")—Smith, tell me about his wife.
Smith, '14—Johnson had very poor eyesight, in fact he couldn't see out of one eye, and then he got married.

IT'S LUCKY WE CAN'T.

If some power should give the gift to us
To see ourselves as others see us,
Methinks 'twould so reduce our chests
That most of us could wear our vests
Twice wrapped around, and still so slack
That they would button in the back.

A. McTear.

After being up at the lunch counter a little while, is Mr. Fuller?

Miss Zeller (giving an example of a contradictory sentence)—There are not many people here but there is a large crowd.

Rollins '14 (translating French)—He slept on both ears.

Where ignorance is bliss: 1916 to 1915—Which do you take, geometry or Mathematics?

Doc Smith (in Physical Training)—What is one way in which we can grow strong?
1917—Eat onions.

A KNOCK.

Some people's minds are like Fourth of July pinwheels; they run rapidly enough but get nowhere; their light is sufficiently bright, but it cannot be utilized; their heat serves only to consume themselves.

Mr. Roach evidenly does not appreciate the musical efforts of his 4th period history class.

Mullen '14 (during the cold spell)—Why are the curtains down in Room 29?
Gilliatt '15—To keep the cold air in.

If Katherine Reed left school, Fred Atwood too.

Mr. Paulson—How much does a pound weigh?
Powers '14—Depends upon who's weighing it.

Several people have had a (tacks) in Room 29 recently.

Cyril Brigham '15 (reciting French)—"Par Sainte Cecile." By Saint Cecil.
Cyril now looks at his brother.
Cecil B '15—Oh, not yet.

HUMAN NATURE.

Determined beforehand, we gravely pretend
To ask the opinion and advice of a friend;
Should his differ from ours on any pretense,
We pity his want, both of judgment and sense
But, if he falls in and agrees with our plan,
Why, really, we think him a sensible man.
A. McTear.

Miss Brooks (in Botany)—If you had one-third of an apple and needed two-thirds more, what would you do with it?
1917—Eat it.

The 4th period history class grows smaller every day.

If "Venus" Foy jumped across a river, would Henry Ford it?

Heard in Room 26.
Mr. Fuller—I gave you this lesson to look over and not to overlook.

Mr. Roach (speaking of the war of 1812)—It killed the Federalist party.
Young '14 (silently)—Where did they bury it?

Miss Atwood—Where is the densest population in the United States?
Shaw '15 (absent-mindedly)—In China.

Absence makes the marks grow rounder.

Mlle. Holt—What is the most faithful animal to man?
Mitchell '16—Woman.
Mlle. Holt—Where did you yet that idea, Mitchell?
Mitchell—Well, the Commercial Geography teacher said we belonged to the animal kingdom.

No need of the ice-men cutting ice. The High School boys are great at it.

We all wonder where McTear got that hair-comb.

Freshman—It's too cold to take gym today.

The senior class was wicked,
The senior class was gay,
But their '14 resolutions
Made them better right away.

If Kip Young is twelve years old, when was Russell Sanborn?

We wonder where that "tardy epidemic" started.

23 (in senior English)—Mullen, what can you tell me about Satan?
Mullen '14—He is-er-er-a down below.
23—Sometimes I think he's in the class.

In Junior Latin: You people might accomplish a lot with your brains. Why, the whole world was made from nothing.

H-lt--n (translating German)—The watch had a-er-a-
28 (prompting)—Second hand.
H-lt--n—Oh, yes. A second hand watch.

Unfortunate that the cold wave didn't continue.—No afternoon sessions.

What do ya mean green on the 17th?

What's this we hear
This slow new year,
About our noble teachers?
For once a week,
If you take a peek
In the gym you'll crack your features
Doc Smith you'll see,
In the highest glee
Teaching the tango to the faculty.
R. R. Bird.

Miss Dawes (in '14 English)—Page wants to know who Cupid was.

Page '14 (quickly)—Oh, you can't tell me anything about him.

When Lydia Keyes got into the boat, did Arthur Favreau?

Room 4 (to Freshman English class)—How do you mark off a direct quotation?

1917—Put two sixes before and two nines after it.

ON GOLDEN ROD DAY.

Senior—Let me see your story for the Golden Rod.

Ambitious Sophomore—Be patient. You'll see it in the paper.

1916 (reciting in French) "C'est une race decadente." It is a delicious race.

Mr. Mansur (in English)—What is homicide?

Freshman—A man who kills himself at home.

AN INCIDENT IN ROOM 22

1917—I ain't got my algebra done.

Mr. Fenner—You ain't, ain't you?

Extract from a German proverb: "One is what one eats."

Bright Junior—If one eats potatoes, is he a potato?

If Elizabeth McLean wanted a hat, would Ruth Price it?

Some of the gum chewers are getting by, by saying they have toothache gum in their mouths.

21—What did Columbus do when he discovered America?

Bowen '15—Went into real estate.

The Seniors are some students,
The Juniors, too, perhaps,
The Sophs, well, they pass somehow,
But the Freshmen,—Gee, what saps!

Room 11 (in Arithmetic class)—Please explain the example.

1917—First you reduce your feet to inches—

23 (in English)—Purple among the nobles is a sign of mourning dress.

M. Magee '14 (innocently)—What do they wear in the evening?

If a man has a cold heart, it is not necessarily a sign that he has an ice chest.

Mr. Paulsen—Give me an example of a mechanical mixture.

Weaver '15 (to one side)—Pork and beans.

If Charles Murphy's hat was off, was Jep's-on?

Miss Zeller (in German)—That is the bridge over which the watch passed every day to the castle.

Larkin '15—What watch?

Emerson, '14 (silently)—Ingersoll.

We wonder if it is true that any member of the cooking classes has escaped indigestion.

Miss Dawes, in trying to find the owner of a stray note book read the following title of the story on the first page:—"The Way to His Heart."

Florence Crowell '14 (rushing frantically from her seat)—Oh, that's mine!

Wanted: A few guards to keep the pupils from colliding with the waiters at recess.

Weaver '15 (in Room 8)—What figure of speech is this?—He and his books went up the prison steps.

Answer: Metonymy, because a school is so closely connected with a prison that the mention of one suggests the other.

Miss O'Neil—Give a sentence with the comparative degree.

Pupil—John is six years older than his father.

If Page wrote a theme would Katherine Reed it?

Miss Zeller (in German)—Miss sentence give me the next Schlenker.

Dingwell '14 (in Physics)—If I should drop an electric light bulb in the Neponset river, would the current keep it lighted?

28 (in German)—All those who got "P" or "V" in the test return Thursday afternoon.

1916—I'm not coming back.

28—Yes you are.

1916—Well, I got zero.

Now for a good one.

When Safford heard the crows, did he think they were saying, "Brokaw, Brokaw?"

Mr. Roach (in Senior History)—This is the first entirely democratic administration since the Civil War, and in Massachusetts there had not been democratic leaders since the-er-er-

Powers '14—Since the flood.

If Miss O'Neill bought a cow, would Miss Zeller?

Miss Dawes (in English)—Yes, Caesar wrote a sentence eighteen lines long.

Gelotte '14—How many periods were there in it?

Miss Dawes (to McTear after he has taken gum from his mouth)—Now perhaps you can do better English. You know it is impossible to keep your mind on two things at once.

23 (to McTear, who has given wrongly a definition of a new word)—Where did you get that information?

Alexander '14—From Innis.

Note: Innis sits across the aisle from McTear.

K. Jones '14 (in stenography)—I should have a hook on my gentleman.

23 (in English)—What can you tell me about Swift?

Powers '14—I don't know. That's too fast for me.

Plaid shirts and white ties are not the thing to wear to school. Ask Stan Smith.

Mr. Roach—What arsenal did John Brown attack?

Powers '14—Hingham.

Frederic Schenkelberger,
Joke Editor.

Class Notes

SENIOR DRAMATICS.

The 1914 Senior Dramatics will occur Friday evening, April 17th, and promises to be of the usual high standard.

The play, "A Pair of Craker-Jacks" is a lively comedy of three parts replete with funny lines and humorous situations. It will be presented by the following cast under the direction of Miss Dawes.

Jack Cracker ..... Andrew Deane
Jack Cracker 2nd ..... J. L. Martin
Junius Brutus Bang .... Everett Sutermeister
Offee ..... John Dingwell
Mrs. Jack Cracker ..... Kathleen Jones
Estelle Clayton ..... Winifred Pratt
Flo Atkins ..... } Merle Daniels
Katrina von Hoot ..... }

The tickets will be on sale at an early date at the usual prices, twenty-five, thirty-five, and fifty cents. Of course, first come, first served.

GLEE CLUB

In the High School Hall on the evening of May 26, there will be given, under the direction of Miss Amsden, the first annual concert of the school chorus and Glee Club. As both groups of singers have worked faithfully all winter, the concert promises to be a great success. In order to defray expenses, an admission fee will be charged.

THE NEW CLUBS

On February 12, under the direction of Messrs. Fuller and Fenner, twenty-one boys chosen from the two upper classes and the post graduates, formed themselves into a club to be known as the Quincy High School Debating Society. At that time the following officers were elected.

President—Leon White.
Vice President—Thomas Barstow.
Secretary—Edward Berman.
Treasurer—John Dingwell.

A committee, consisting of Atwood, Page, Bates, Barstow and White, was appointed to draw up a constitution for the society.

On March 4, the first debate was held. The subject: "Resolved, That the decree plan of elevation in abolishing of grade crossings in Quincy is for the best interests of the city," was discussed. The speakers for the affirmative were: McAnarney, Page and Gay; those for the negative were: Atwood, Bates and Hunt. The decision was given to the affirmative.

Thirty-three girls from the two upper classes and the post graduates, under the direction of eight members of the faculty, met on February 18, to establish a club, the purpose of which shall be to foster an interest in dramatics, literary study, and out-door pursuits. At that time the following officers were elected and committees chosen:

President—Margaret Magee.

Vice-President—Louise Churchill.

Secretary and Treasurer—Margaret Park.

Constitution — Priscilla Robinson, Mary Shyne, Marjorie Snow.

Dramatics—Jordine Davison, Katherine Reed, Hazel Livingston.

Literary—Viola Jackson, Margaret Atwood, Catherine Barstow.

Out-Doors—Florence Crowell, Kathleen Jones, Beatrice Rogers

On March 11 a second meeting was held. At this time reports of the committees were read and another committee appointed. This new committee is to suggest names for the club.

In a Mirror

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

Some of the fellows in the various classes would greatly oblige those pupils who wish to learn a little during the year, by trying to conduct themselves occasionally as gentlemen. If they would only stop to think, they could not fail to see what a reflection their conduct casts on their home training.

The members of the basket-ball team are indeed to be commended for the sportsman-like attitude they have shown in all their games. Their conduct not only reflects favorably on themselves but it lauds the coaches and the school as well.

Now that the baseball season is approaching, it is up to the royal rooters to get out to all the games and root hard for their team. Remember, there is nothing like cheering to hearten a team when it is in a tight place.

The conceited pupils in some classes who attempt to be witty, should remember that wit is a cheap commodity when uttered at the expense of good sense and good breeding. I am sure that if Mark Twain could hear some of these time-worn witticisms, he would turn in his grave and murmur, "Alas, poor Yorick, I knew him well."

We have often noticed that most of those who create disturbances in the halls at recess are seniors and juniors. This is setting a noble example for the younger classes.

The present arrangement of the afternoon sessions has its disadvantages as well as its advantages, for it literally spoils the whole afternoon, whereas with the former method we could stay and yet get out soon enough to derive some pleasure from the afternoon. Besides this, those who live far away must stay until the afternoon session begins, thereby doing double time.

As usual the Excuse Club has an exceedingly large membership and its officers are seriously considering an extension of the left wing of the club house in order to meet the demands for floor space. They still retain their old motto,—"Never deliver the goods when you can find an excuse."

Say there, Mr. To-morrow—yes, I mean that fellow who is always fooling the teachers—step up here and absorb this little pellet of common sense. You stall through a lesson; if it's translation, do it at sight; if it's written work, say you left it at home. Yes, you've got the art down fine,—or at least you think you have. That's just the point, you think you have, but have you? Think it over awhile. You're not fooling the teachers. Yes, strange as it may seem, you're not fooling them; they're getting paid for the work they spend on you whether you know enough to profit by it or not. The only person that you're fooling is yourself, and some day, I hope very soon, this will come to you with a loud bang and you'll wake up. So why not try fooling the teachers by getting your lessons every day? That sort of fooling is something to talk about.

When you're up against a proposition which to you closely resembles Gibraltar for impregnability, stop and think. Have you the principle of it? That's the main point. Once you've the principle of a thing, the rest of it is simple, for it must naturally follow. For instance, in mathematics if you get the principle of an example, you can do any number of others like it no matter how differently they are worded. In the languages, if you learn a rule for word order, many times that will be the principal point in a sentence, and if you get that wrong, the whole construction of your sentence is wrong, whereas by grasping the principle of the thing, you could have had your sentence right.

PEKIN.

Exchange Notes

Since the first issue of The Golden Rod we have received the following papers in addition to later issues of the publications acknowledged in the December issue:

The Rindge Review (Cambridge, Mass.)
The Searchlight (Walpole, Mass.)
The Recorder (Springfield, Mass.)
The Smith Academy Record (St Louis, Mo)
Lassell Leaves (Auburndale, Mass.)
The Cauldron (Huntington Beach, Cal.)
Salmagundi (Presque Isle, Me.)

A few criticisms which we hope will prove helpful follow:

The Smith Academy Record—Yours is a well filled, interesting paper with an abundance of ads. Wouldn't it be better to put all those ads at the back of the edition?

The Imp. Brighton, Mass.—We would say the same about your paper as we did about The Smith Academy Record.

The Recorder.—Your cover design is much too elaborate.

The High School Herald, Westfield, Mass.—Again we say yours is a model paper. Can't you increase the joke column?

The Searchlight.—A model paper. We sincerely hope that your football team will be more successful next year.

School Life, Melrose, Mass.—Your paper must have proved invaluable as an asset to athletics. The class ads show a good spirit.

Lassell Leaves.—A good publication with interesting and exceptionally fine cuts.

Latin School Register, Boston, Mass.—Your Alumni Number is a valuable publication.

Salmagundi.—A wonderful assortment of ads. It is a sad but true fact that papers managed by girls certainly "have it on" those which boys alone or boys and girls manage.

The Cauldron.—A good paper, but, of course, beyond us.

Marion High School Survey, Marion, Ind.—Your athletic editor is one hustler. Too bad your basketball season couldn't have been more successful.

The Rindge Review.—What you have is good, but why not have a little more?

WHAT OTHERS SAY ABOUT US.

Speaking to another in a questioning voice The Imp says, "Isn't that a 'peach' of a cover on the "Golden Rod" from Quincy?"

The Golden Rod of Quincy, Mass. is certainly welcome. It is a fine publication, the cover design being very good. The reason that we place our ads as we do is that it adds much to the appearance of the page. In a magazine form publication it is different. (See our criticism in December issue.)—Marion High School Survey, Marion, Ind.

Said a bald-headed man
To a waitress bold,
"See here, young lady,
My cocoa's cold!"

She scornfully answered,
"I can't help that,
If the blame thing's chilly
Put on your hat."—The Rindge Review.

French Teacher: "Please repeat '*j'ai*'
Bright Pupil: (Protesting) "I'm not a jay."
—The Imp.

Wise Pupil—I got a hundred in school this morning.

Delighted Parent—Ah, here's a nickel. In what study did you get it?

Wise Pupil (gauging the distance to the door)—Fifty in French and fifty in History.—Latin School Register.

Frederick M. Atwood,
Exchange Editor.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS:

Dorothy Benham
Brown & Crowell
City Flower Store
Dieges & Clust
R. E. Foy & Co.
Granite Shoe Store
Greenleaf Barber Shop
Harvard Dental School
Charles C. Hearn
Charles H. Johnson
Geo. Kaponikolas
Macullar Parker Co.
Leopold Morse Co.
Oscar Minot
B. H. Nerses
Geo. W. Prescott Pub. Co.
C. M. Price
A. W. Pierce
Quincy Savings Bank
Quincy Department Store
Ricker
A. E. Stephenson
D. E. Wadsworth

HIGH SCHOOL HALL

Senior Dramatics
"A PAIR OF CRACKER-JACKS"
April 17, 1914

Concert, Chorus and Glee Club
May 26, 1914

EVERYBODY COME

BROWN & CROWELL

Groceries and Provisions

FRESH FISH AND OYSTERS DRY GOODS, SMALL WARES

QUINCY ADAMS, MASS.

Harvard Dental School

A Department of Harvard University

A graduate of the four-year course in this school admitted without examinations

New buildings. Modern Equipment. Large clinics give each student unusual opportunities for practical work. Degree of D. M. D.

EUGENE H. SMITH, D. M. D., Dean, Boston, Mass.

DOROTHY BENHAM

Millinery

Mourning Work a Specialty

3 Granite Street QUINCY, MASS.

STORES AT

WALTHAM BROCKTON PAWTUCKET

GRANITE SHOE STORE

GOOD SOLID SHOES

RICKER

REAL ESTATE MORTGAGES INSURANCE

1416 Hancock Street - Quincy

SHOE SHINE PARLOR

HATS CLEANED

GEORGE KAPONIKOLAS

1505 HANCOCK ST. *MUSIC HALL BLOCK*

QUINCY, MASS.

CHEER UP!

No meal is complete without a delicious cup of coffee. You can always have the best coffee if you use—**QUALITY COFFEE.** Expertly selected. Carefully blended. Scientifically roasted. Result—a coffee that produces a pleasing and delicious beverage that is a delight to all. Remember to buy—

QUALITY COFFEE

RICH, SMOOTH, AND WITH A FINE FLAVOR

R. E. FOY & Co., (TWO STORES)

Adams Market—'Phones 153 and 1760

Water St., Market—'Phone 117

Compliments of

CHARLES H. JOHNSON

Real Estate

A. E. STEPHENSON

Plumbing and Heating

Tin and Sheet Iron Worker

329 Newport Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

Telephone Connection 523 Quincy

Compliments of

OSCAR A. MINOT

HAIR DRESSER

Children's Hair Cutting a Specialty

335 NEWPORT AVENUE

WOLLASTON, MASS.

After a strenuous day of study drop into

Greenleaf Barber Shop

and get refreshed

Polite and Courteous Attention Awaits You

ESTABLISHED 1849

Macullar Parker Company

400 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON

The Best Clothing for Men, Young Men and Boys.

Special attention given to Clothes for Students.

Hat Department

Soft and Stiff are STETSON exclusively

City Flower Store

CARL JOHNSON, PROP.

Flowers and Decorating Plants

FOR ALL OCCASIONS

1361 Hancock Street *City Square*

QUINCY, MASS.

THE QUINCY DEPARTMENT STORE

Complete line of

Student's and Teacher's Furnishings

1435-1437 HANCOCK STREET

QUINCY - - MASS.

Dieges & Clust

"If We Made It, Its Right"

COMMENCEMENT INVITATIONS

EMBOSSED DANCE ORDERS

CLASS PINS MEDALS

149 Tremont Street

Boston, Mass.

SHUR-ON

SHUR-ON EYEGLASS

High School Pupils Need Strong Eyes

Consult **Williams**

EXPERIENCED OPTOMETRIST

1473 Hancock Street - - Quincy

Tel. 987-W Res. 1122-W

THE SHIRT WAIST STORE

Men's and Women's
All Linen

Initial Handkerchiefs

12 1-2c and 25c Each

— AT —

D. E. WADSWORTH & CO.'S

Morse-Made

Academy Clothes

are produced especially for young men in sizes 33 to 38 inches chest measure The styles are designed with the distinct idea of giving the young fellows the kind of clothes they want at prices that are lower than clothes of such character are commonly sold for

Leopold Morse & Co.

ADAMS SQUARE
BOSTON

PROMPTNESS, QUALITY, SATISFACTION

The Golden Rod

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George W. Prescott Pub. Co.

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1424 HANCOCK STREET

QUINCY, - MASS.

Thomas Crane Public Library
Quincy, Mass.

Compliments of

CHARLES C. HEARN

A. W. PIERCE

Portrait Photographer

Adams Building Quincy, Mass.

SPECIAL RATES FOR STUDENTS

Interior Home Portraiture

Copying Enlarging Commercial Work

QUINCY SAVINGS BANK

(Established 1845)

1374 Hancock Street

Bank Hours –8.30 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Saturday—8.30 A. M. to 12 M.

JOHN Q. A. FIELD, President.

JOHN F. WELCH, Vice-President.

CLARENCE BURGIN, Treasurer.

C. M. PRICE & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Ice Cream Manufacturers

WASHINGTON SQUARE

WEYMOUTH - - - MASSACHUSETTS

Telephone 340